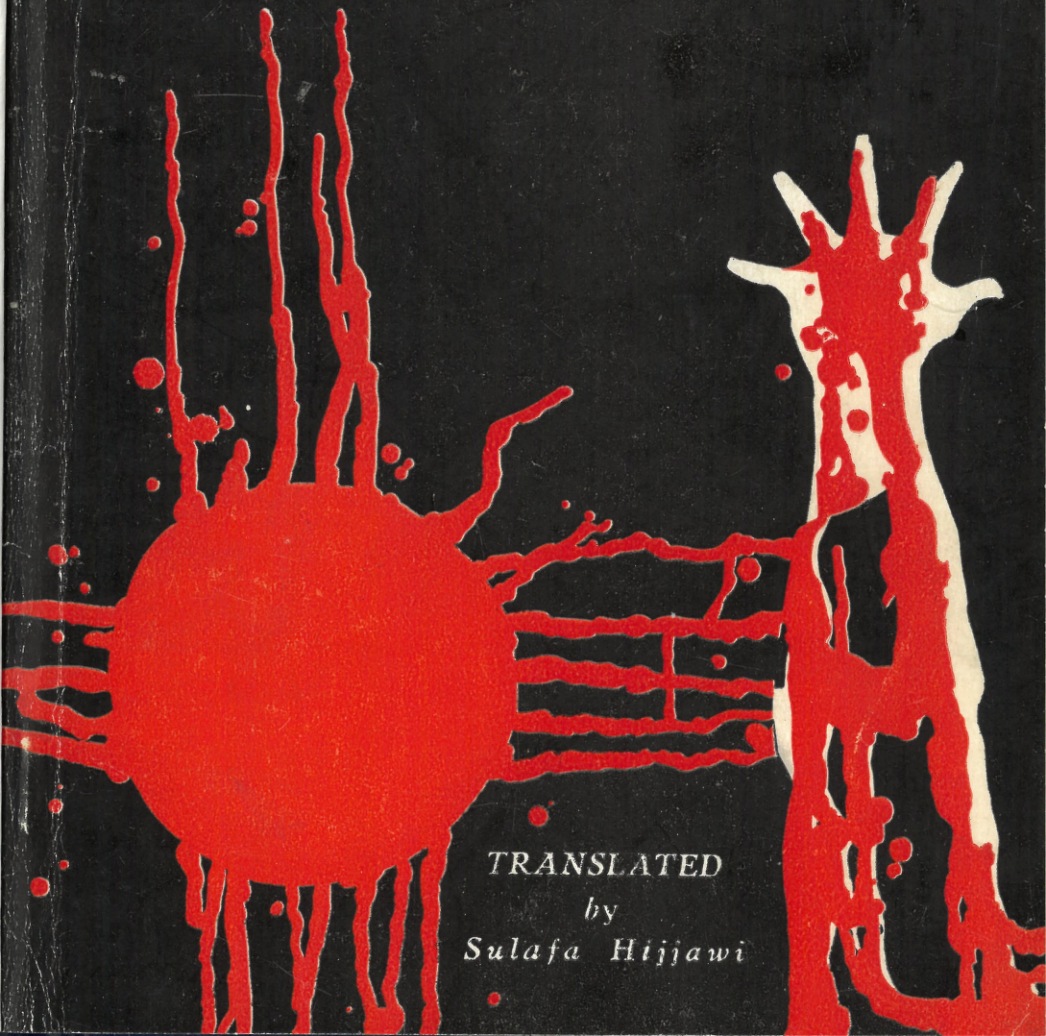
POETRY OF RESISTANCE
IN
OCCUPIED PALESTINE



TRANSLATED
by
Sulafa Hijjawi

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OCCUPIED PALESTINE

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Sameeh Al-Qassem

Fling away all burdens and cares, brother
Do not be doubtful of your path,
For the path wakes up of itself
Under the dancing steps of freedom.

Tagore

La nuit qui précéda sa mort
Fut la plus courte de sa vie
L'idee qu'il existait encore
Lui brûlait le sang aux poignets
Le poids de son corps l'ecoeurait
Sa force le faisait gemir
C'est tout au fond de sette horreur
Qu'il a commence' a sourire
Il n'avait pas UN camarade
Mais des million et des million
Pour le venger il le savait
Et le jour se leva pour lui.

Paul Eluard (1943)

"The rifles you will neved hold again
In other hands will speak against the night".
"His voice will shatter the walls."

Rafael Alberti

"In the name of these our dead
I demand punishment.
For those who spattered our father land with blood
I demand punishment.

Neruda

Glory and honour to our dead, Glory and honour to our dead
Brothers of the world.
Our flag is still waving.
Liberty or death.

Vrettakos

My call is the call of battle
I nourish active rebellion

Walt Whitman

Time future, has no image in space,
Crooked as the road that we must tread,
Straight as our bullets fly ahead,
We are the future. The last fight let us face.

John Cornford

Your breathing is the blast, the bullet,
And the final sky.

Laurie Lee

Their words blotted out with tears,
Skins peeling from their bodies
In the victorious hurricane.

Stephen Spender

Our road is dreadful but glorious.

Hristo Botev

Tremble, O'tyrants of the world,
And you... O'fallen slaves, Arise!

Pushkin

But now that the cock has crowed
And all under heaven is bright

Mao Tse Tung

PALESTINIAN LITERATURE

Translated from : *Resistance literature*
In Occupied Palestine
By Ghassan Kanfani

The fall of Palestine in the hands of the zionists in 1948 conduced a disasterous change both in the number and the social structure of the Arab population in occupied Palestine. Nearly three quarters of the 200,000 Arabs who continued to live in their homeland were peasants. The cities were mostly evacuated either during the war or soon afterwards. This led to a shocking deterioration in Arab social conditions due to the fact that the cities had been the centers of both political and cultural effusion.

As the zionist occupants closed their military ring, they started to impose their oppressive measures; the atmosphere was convenient for them. Their chief purpose was to eradicate every trace of the Arab personality and to implant the seeds of new trends which might grow and integrate within the zionist political and literary life.

Palestinian Literature, up to this tragic fall had been part of the mainstream of the Arab literary movement which flourished during the first half of the century. It had got its sources from

Cairo and had been influenced by Egyptian, Syrian and Lebanese writers who led the literary movement then. Even renowned Palestinian writers had been indebted for their fame mostly to the Arab capitals which used to receive them and patronize their productions. Several factors had in fact contributed to diminishing the value of Palestinian literature at a time when Palestine was enjoying a prominant position in the political arena and the struggle for Arab nationalism.

After 1948, Palestinian literature succeeded in laying the foundations of a new literary movement which may be better described as the literature of Exile rather than Palestinian or Refugee literature. Poetry, the chief element of this movement, has been able during recent years to witness a remarkable progress in quality and technique. The short period of silence after the 1948 war was followed by a great awakening, and national poetry poured out reflecting the people's national fervour. It interacted with Arab and foreign literary trends and gradually broke the traditional rules of technique, rejected the old sentimental outbursts and emerged with a unique feeling of profound sadness more commensurate with the realities of the situation.

On the other hand, resistance literature inside occupied Palestine was confronted with radical differences in tenets. The backbone of Arab literature in occupied Palestine had disappeared with the emigration of a whole generation of writers and men of culture. The non-emigrants constituted a society which was mostly rural and which was subjected to political, social and cultural persecution unmatched anywhere else in the world.

The following points may shed some light on the real situation of the Arabs inside occupied Palestine:

1. The majority of the palestinians who remained were not, owing to their social condition, up to the cultural standard which allows for the creation of a new generation of writers and artists.

2. The Arab cities which used to receive and encourage the talented young men coming from the rural sector were transfor med into prohibited cities of the enemy.

3. The Arab population was completely isolated and had no contact with the Arab countries.

4. The zionist military rule imposed on the Arab population tyrannical restrictions and censored their literary productions.

5. Publishing and distribution means have been either limited or under tight restrictions.

6. Opportunity for Arabs to learn foreign languages is non-existent. Very few are allowed to enter high schools and almost none are allowed to enter university.

It should be borne in mind when reading the literature which has been able to emerge that the Arab population has been struggling through the dim night of persecution and torture to consolidate its existence and to express itself. It has now succeeded in forming its own expression crystalising it into a palpitating literature of resistance.

Under this hard siege, it is quite easy to realize why poetry was the first harbinger of the resistance call, for poetry spreads from mouth to mouth and lives without publication. This also

explains why this poetry was at the beginning restricted to the traditional form which is easier to learn by heart and quicker to appeal to the sentiments. The first outburst was mainly characterised with love lyrics, but side by side with traditional poetry, popular vernacular lyrics began to appear to form the first kernel of resistance manifestation. In fact, popular poetry played a big role in the history of Palestine since the twenties and was famous all over the Arab world. Nearly every Palestinian knows and recites the following popular lyric which was extemporized by a Palestinian struggler just before he was executed by the British Mandate in 1936:

Night: let the captive finish his song,
By dawn his wing will flutter
And the hanged one will swing
With the wind.

Night: lessen your pace,
Let me pour my heart to you,
Perhaps you forgot who I am
And what my troubles are.

Pity, how my hours have slipped
Down your hands.

Do not think I weep from fear,
My tears are for my country
And for a bunch of unfledged kids
Hungry at home
Without their father.

Who will feed them after me?
My two brothers
Before me swung on the scaffold.

And how will my wife spend her days
Lonely and in tears?
I did not even leave a bracelet
Round her wrist
When my country cried for arms.

Popular lyrics domminated the scene for almost ten years after 1948 before any standard well developed literature appeared. It was the medium by which the defeated people expressed themselves. It dominated every manifestation of their life. Weddings mourning, evening sittings and all other gatherings were transformed by the effect of those lyrics into fierce demonstrations heedless of the firing squads. Many popular poets were put in prison or confined under severe restrictions. And as the trend of popular poetry grew and expanded, the occupying forces extended their tyrannical measures, killed some poets and prohibited all Arab gatherings. Such measures could not anyhow uproot this trend of resistance but rather kept it dormant for almost five years to burst anew with intense force and vitality. With the beginning of the sixties, surprisingly enough, a remarkable new wave of literature appeared to light. The tenets of this new wave were courageous, full of vitality and optimism and highly charged with the spirit of defiance, unlike the literature of the exile poets of the same period, which was mostly sad and vehement.

The decade which preceded this new outburst can better be described as the period of integrating of the personality and the identification of the Arab personality with the cause of its struggle. The defeated and the helpless who had resorted to love poetry during the few years which followed 1948 began with the advent of the sixties to develop into a real force of resistance, dauntless, brave and hopeful.

Love poetry was the outcome of the bitter feelings of loneliness and deprivation which overwhelmed the Arab population after 1948. The feeling that they were a defeated minority began with the passage of time to change into a feeling of defiance, and they succeeded in confronting their hard circumstances face to face.

Resistance was not an easy choice; it was rather a daily battle with a ferocious enemy who considered it a question of life and death. And as the measures of persecution became fiercer, resistance consolidated. Contrary to the poetry of exile, the poetry of resistance emerged with an astonishing revolutionary spirit completely free from the sad and tearful trend. Strangely enough, it quickly reverberated with all the political upheavals of the Arab countries.

Resistance poetry did not only witness a change in purport and poetic effect but also in form and technique. It rejected the traditional poetic forms and adopted modern techniques without losing force. As to purport, resistance poetry resorted to various mediums of expression:

1. Love. The love for woman is completely integrated with the love of the homeland. Woman and Earth are completely assimilated in one great love and transformed into the great cause of liberation.

2. Satire. The enemy and the henchmen are rediculed and the acts of supression are expressed with bitter irony. This trend expresses a lively and an unconquerable spirit which considers all happenings as an ephemeral and transitional condition which sooner or later must and will be changed and put back to normality.

3. Defiance and challenge. The enemy is exposed and put face to face with the staunch and fearless spirit of the fighters.

It is noteworthy that resistance literature is chiefly characterised as leftist. This is the outcome of the circumstanses which dominated Palestinian life, which can be summed up as follows:

1. The majority of the Arab population is rural and deeply involved in the revolutions and uprisings which took place in Palestine before 1948 against the British Mandate. It is they as well who received the hardest blow in 1948.

2. The very bad living conditions in which they live and the harsh tyranny which they meet in their struggle for daily bread.

3. The fact that the existance of the enemy is the outcome of the imperialistic capitalistic schemes and that its continuation is mainly sustained by capitalism.

Moreover, resistance poetry is a challenge to all zionist beliefs. It deals with them all and descards them one after the other. It is a closely welded literature based on reasoning and not on sheer emotion. Above all, it remains an important link in the chain of the permanent Arab revolution and goes hand in hand with the Arab progressive movement. It has been able, despite all hindrances and obstacles, to grow into a real literature and to present the personality of the fighting poet.

THE IMPOSSIBLE

Tawfeeq Zayad

It is much easier for you
To pass an elephant through a needle's eye
Or catch fried fish in galaxy,
Plough the sea,
Or humanize a crocodile,
Than to destroy by persecution
The shimmering glow of a belief
Or check our march
One single step.

As if we were a thousand prodigies
Spreading everywhere
In Lidda
In Ramlah
In the Galilee.

Here we shall stay,
A wall upon your breast,
And in your throat we shall stick
A piece of glass,
A cactus thorn,
And in your eye
A blazing fire.

Here we shall stay,
A wall upon your breast,
Cleaning dishes in your bars,
Filling cups for your masters,
Sweeping your sooty kitchens,
To snatch a bite from your blue fangs
For our hungry children.

Here we shall stay,
A wall upon your breast,
Facing starvation,
Struggling with rags,
Defying,
Singing our songs,
Swarming the streets with our wrath,
Filling your dungeons with pride,
Rearing vengeance in new generations.
Like athousand prodigies
We roam along
In Lidda,
In Ramlah,
In the Galilee.

Here we shall stay
Go then and drink the sea.
Here we shall stay
Unblinking centinels on our earth and trees.
Here we shall stay

To ferment our cause as yeast does dough.
Here we shall stay with ice-cold nerves,
Red hell in our nerves and hearts.
We squeeze the rock to quench our thirst
And lull starvation with dust,
But we shall not depart.
Here we shall spill our dearest blood.
Here we have
A past
A future
Here we are the unconquerable.
So strike deep, strike deep,
My roots.

LOVER FROM PALESTINE

Mahmood Darweesh

A thorn in the heart are your eyes,
Lacerating, yet adorable,
I shield it from the storm
And pierce it deep through night and pain,
The wound illuminates thousands of stars,
Transforms my present into a future
Dearer than my being
And I forget as our eyes meet
That once we were twins behind the gate.

Your words were my song:
I tried to sing again
But winter had settled on the rosy lip.

The sparrow flew,
My doors and wintry threshold followed behind,
Our mirrors broke, sorrows embraced,
We collected the splinters of sound
We only learnt how to lament the fatherland.

We shall plant it together
Over the breast of a guitar
Play it on weeping roofs
To distrorted moons and stones,
But I forgot, dear forlorn, was it your parting
Or my broken voice that rusted the guitar.

I saw you last on the quay,
A lonely voyager without a bag,
I ran to you like an orphan searching
For an answer among ancestral wisdom:
How could an orchard be banished to a quay
And yet remain as ever green.

I wrote down:
I stood on the quay,
The wind was pouring,
We only had the peel of the orange,
Behind us stretched the endless sand.

I saw you on the thorny peaks,
A sheepless shepherd running a chase
And in the ruins where once you were the green branch
I stood a stranger knocking the gates,
The gates, the windows and cemented stones
Reverberated.

I saw you in fathomless wells,
I saw you in graneries, a broken face,
I saw you in night cafe's washing dishes
I saw you at the mouth of a cave
Hanging your orphan's rags,
I saw you in chimneys, in the streets,
In cattle folds, in blood dripping
From the sun,

In the salt of the sea
In every grain of sand
And yet you were as beautiful as Earth.

I swear
From eyelashes I shall weave a kerchief for you
With words sweeter than a honeycomb,
Palestinian you are
And so will you remain.

I flung the doors wide open to the storm
And saw the bronzy moon,
I turned to backstreets where light was dead.

Virgin mate, faithful wheat,
We shall pierce the air with our songs
And plant fertility in dormant seeds,
And you will always be
The braided pamltree of the heart
Unbending to storm, heedless of the cutter's blows
Beyond the fangs of wolves.

Palestinian are your eyes, your tattoo,
Palestinian is your name,
Palestinian your thought, your clothes,
Your feet, your form,
Palestinian the words,
Palestinian the voice,

Palestinian you live,
Palestinian you will die.

I hold you in my books
The fire of my songs,
And in your name my cry reverberates:
I once met the Roman horses
And once destroyed the big idols
Hooves and stones, beware,
The thunderbolt has stamped the flint
Let maggots eat my flesh:
White ants cannot breed eagles
And snakes hatch only snakes,
And big Arabia is planted with eagles.
Eagles.

THE EXILE

Salem Jubran

The sun walks through the border,
Guns keep silent,
A skylark starts its morning song
In Tulkarem
And flies away to sup
With the birds of the kibbutz;
A lonely donkey strolls
Across the firing line
Unheeded by the watchful squads,
But for me, your ousted son, my native land,
Between your skies and my eyes
A stretch of border-walls
Blackens the view.

SAFAD

Salem Jubran

A stranger am I, Safad,
And you, a stranger too:
The houses smile at me
But their dwellers
Drive me out.
Why are you roving,
O Arab, why
Will nobody answer your salute?
Your kin had once been here
But they took flight.
I carry requiems between my lips,
And in my eyes
The lion's humiliation.
Dear Safad,
Adieu
Adieu.

MOTHER

Salem Jubran

Curse my mother
She gave her breast to a foreigner
Who feeds upon her
And I remain hungry.

Cursed is she,
Who gave my bed to a foreigner,
And I cannot sleep
Because I shiver.

Cursed is she,
She gave her heart to a foreigner
And kept me out,
A loveless fugitive.

Curse my mother,
Curse her,
Curse all women.

REPORT OF A BANKRUPT

Sameeh Al Qassem

If I have to forfeit my bread,
If I have to hawk my shirt and bed,
If I have to work a stone cutter
Or porter
Or sweeper,
If I have to clean your warehouses,
Or rummage in dung for food,
Or starve
And subside,
Enemy of Man,
I shall not compromise
And to the end
I shall fight.

Go and filch the final strip of my land,
Ditch my youth in prisonholes,
Plunder my legacy,
Burn my books,
Feed your dogs in my dishes.

Go and spread your net of terror
Upon the roofs of my village,
Enemy of man,
I shall not compromise
And to the end
I shall fight.

If you blow out all the candles in my eyes,
If you freeze all the kisses on lips,
If you fill my native air with lisping curses,
Or silence my anguish,
Forge my coin,
Uproot the smile from my children's faces.
If you raise a thousand walls,
And nail my eyes to humiliation,
Enemy of man,
I shall not compromise
And to the end
I shall fight.

Enemy of man,
The signals are raised at the ports,
The air is thronged with beckonings,
I see them everywhere
I see the sails at the horizon
Striving,
Defying,
The sails of Ulysses are veering home
From the seas of the lost,
The sun is rising
Man is advancing,
And for his sake,
I swear
I shall not compromise
And to the end
I shall fight
I SHALL FIGHT.

THE REACTION

Mahmood Darweesh

Dear homleand,
My chains breed within me
The rigour of the eagle
And the tenderness of the optimist.
I did not know that behind the skin,
Our skin,
Storms could loom
And rivulets wed.

They shut me in a dark cell,
My heart glowed with sunny torches.
They wrote my number on the walls,
The walls transformed to green pastures.
They drew the face of my executioner,
The face was soon dispersed
With luminous braids.

I carved your map with my teeth
Upon the walls
And wrote the song of fleeting night.

I hurled defeat to obscurity
And plunged my hands
In rays of light.

They conquered nothing,
Nothing,
They only kindled earthquakes.

They only see the glow of foreheads
And hear the rattle of chains.

And if I die
Upon the cross of my cause
I am a saint,
I am a struggler.

THE OLIVE TREE

Tawfeeq Zayad

Because I do not knit woll,*
Because I am always hunted
Any my house is always raided,
Because I cannot own a piece of paper,
I shall carve my memoirs
On the homeyard olive tree.

I shall carve bitter reflections,
Scenes of love and of yearning
For my stolen orange grove
And the lost tombs of my dead.

I shall carve all my strivings
For the sake of remembrance,
For the time when I shall drown them
In the avalanche of triumph.

I shall carve the serial number
Of every stolen piece of land,
The spot of my village on the map
And the houses
And the trees
And all the wild blooms
That are blown up
Or uprooted.

(*) Reference is made to Madame Lafarge who used to knit the names of traitors for French Revolutionaries.

I shall carve the names
Of all connoisseurs in torture,
The names of their prisons,
The trade-marks of their chains,
The archives of the jailors
And the maledictions.

I shall carve dedications,
To memories threading to eternity,
To the sanguine soil of Dair Yasin
And Kufur Qasem.

I shall carve on top of all
The intense heights of the tragedy,
The pounding and the bitter strife
Which I bear
Up the ladder of grief
To the peak.

I shall carve the sun's beckonings
And the moon's whisperings
And what a skylark recalls
At a love-deserted well.

For the sake of remembrance,
For the sake of all
And every thing
I shall continue to carve
On the homeyard olive tree.

KERCHIEFS

Mahmood Darweesh

Like the tombs of martyrs is your silence,
Flowing, outstretching.
Now I remember how your hands
Used to hover upon my heart
As a bird.
Do not worry, my love,
About the labour of lightning,
Leave it for the gloomy horizons
But train yourself for other thoughts:
Thoughts of bloody kisses
And days of drought
And death, my death
And all the woes of mourning.

Our farewell kerchiefs
Are but shrouds,
And as the wind blows in the cinders
Blood gushes in the deep valleys
And yearning weeps
In the sails of Sinbad
Upon the call of a certain voice.

Return to me, my love,
The kerchief sighs of our parting,
Return them a call of a lute

Not parting sighs.
Our reunion in joy is a promise
Growing and growing in my exile.
And do not cry at repeated death,
I have nothing except your eyes
And do not wear our parting kerchiefs
As souvenirs of love songs,
But rather wrap with them, my love,
A wound in my homeland.

TO CHRIST

Fadwa Tuqan

Lord, father of universe,
Jerusalem's feasts are crucified
This year.

On your day,
All the bells, O'Lord
Are silent!
They rang
And rang
For two thousand years
But now

They are dumbfounded!

The domes are black
Blackness overwhelmes all,
Jerusalem walks
On the path of agony
Jerusalem groans
On the cross,
Jerusalem bleeds
On the hands of torture!

And the world is shut
My Lord

Against the agony
The world is adamant,
The sun's eye is gouged,
The world is lost and torn!

The world, my Lord
Hasn't raised a single candle
Hasn't shed a single tear
To wash away
Jerusalem's grief.

The vinedressers, my Lord
killed the heir
And the bird of sin
Fledged in the world of sin
And flew
To smear Jerusalem's chastity.
O'Lord, Jerusalem's glory,
Out from the well of agony
Out from the deep recesses of night
Out from the darkest folds of grief
Jerusalem's groaning
Comes to you
Mercy Lord
Mercy on Jerusalem,
Spare her this chalice.

1968

ANTIGONE

Sameeh Al-Qassem

One,
Two,
Three,
Forward,
Forward,
Victim of wreckless gods,
Immolation ram
In the lustful alters
Of this black age.

One,
Two,
Three,
My hand is in your hand,
We cross together
Demoniac paths.
Your eyes, my father, are still bright,
Your feet are firm in earth.

Go on
And fling away sorrows unmatched
In man's long strife,
And let's create
Our new dawns.

The sling of arrows
Has gouged your eyes
Nevertheless, father,
I am your night lamp,
I feed on the oil of faith
And fill your hands
With ceaseless light.

And I'll restore to you,
I swear I shall.
The pirate's loot,
I swear
In God,
In Man,
I swear I shall

One,
Two,
Three,
Forward,
Forward.

THE FLOOD AND THE TREE

Fadwa Tuqan

When satanic hurricanes broke lose,
When the black flood was vomited
From barborous shores
Upon the green good earth,
Satan bellowed through the air.
The tree was felled,
The tree has fallen,
The glorious trunk is wrecked
By the hurricane,
The tree is dead.

Tree, tree,
Can you die?
Red rivulets asked.
Your roots, dear tree,
Are flushed with wine
Brewed from young limbs.
Arabian roots, dear tree
Never die,
They stretch deep
Beyond rock
And feel their way
In deep earth.

Tree, tree,
You will grow,
Your leaves will burst
So green and lush
Under the sun.
Laughter will ring
Among the leaves
Up to the sun.
The larks will veer
Homeward
Homeward
Homeward.

Nablus (Sept. 1967)

LETTER FROM EXILE

Mahmood Darweesh

Greetings and a kiss, my beloved,
Words are futile,
How to begin
And where to end,
The wheel of time keeps rolling.

I am cold,
I am lonely,
I only have a crust of bread,
A bunch of love and a note-book
Which shares with me my heart's burden
And holds the flow of my grudge.

How to begin
And all that is said
Or will be said
Cannot end with an embrace
Or the touch of a hand,
Nor can it bring the fugitive home
Or fledge the wing of a forlorn bird.

How to begin
Greetings, a kiss
And then what?

I say to the radio,
Radio, tell her
I am all right
I say to the sparrow,
If you went there,
Dear sparrow,
Do not forget,
To say I am all right,
All right.
I can still see things,
The moon still shines,
I wear my old shirt,
Its sleeves are torn
But I patched them,
It is all right.

And I have grown into a man,
Imagine me,
I am now a man of twenty,
And I am like all men mother,
I encounter life,
I carry the burden as men do,
I work at a restaurant,
I wash dishes,
I make coffee to customers,
I fix smiles to please customers.
And like all men, mother,

All men of twenty,
I smoke,
I lean against walls
And sigh for pretty girls.

A friend once asked me:
Do you have a loaf?
I am hungry, he said.
Ah mother,
What's a man for
If he sleeps hungry every night?

I heard on the radio
The greetings of fugitives one to the other,
Eevery body said:
We are all right,
Nobody is sad
Tell me, mother,
Does father still pray and drink
And love children and olive trees?
And my brothers,
Are they now employees?
I heard my father once say
They must all become teachers,
I starve to buy a book for them.
Nobody reads a book in my village, mother.
And my little sister,

Has she grown into a young woman and receives letters?
And does grand mother still
Squat near the sunny gate
To give her blessings right and left?
And the old house,
And the smooth threshold,
And the stove and the wide doors...

I heard on the radio
Messages from fugitives one to the other,
They all say they are all right,
But dear mother,
I am sad
I am haunted by bad thoughts;
The radio brought me no news from any of you,
Not even sad news.

FOR EVER PALESTINE

Fadwa Tuqan

Great,
Great country,
The millstone may turn
And turn
In the dim nights of agony,
But they cannot
And are too small
To destroy your light.

For out of your trodden hopes
Out of your crucified growth,
Out of your stolen smiles,
Your children's smiles,
Out of the wreckage
And the torture,
Out of the blood clotted walls,
Out of the quiverings
Of life and death,
Life will emerge.

O great land
O deep wound
And sole love.

Nablus (Sept. 1967)

INVESTIGATION

Mahmood Darweesh

Write down,
I am an Arab,
My card number is 50,000
I have eight children
The ninth will come next summer.
Are you angry?

Write down,
I am an Arab,
I cut stone with comrade laborours,
I squeeze the rock
To get a loaf,
To get a book
For my eight children.
But I do not plead charity
And I do not cringe
Under your sway.
Are you angry?

Write down,
I am an Arab,
I am a name without a title,
Steadfast in a frenzied world.

My roots sink deep
Beyond the ages,
Beyond time.

I am the son of the plough,
Of humble peasant stock.
I live in a hut
From reed and stalk.
The hair: Jet black.
The eyes: Brown.
My Arab headdress
Scratches intruding hands
And I prefer a dip of oil and thyme.

And please write down
On top of all,
I hate nobody,
I rob nobody,
But when I starve
I eat the flesh of my marauders.
Beware,
Beware my hunger,
Beware my wrath.

LETTER FROM PRISON

Sameeh Al-Qaseem

Mother,
It pains me, mother,
That you burst in tears
When friends knock
Asking about me.

But I believe, mother,
That the splendour of life
Is born in my prison,
And I believe that
My final visitor
Will not be
An eyeless bat.

It must be the day
It must be the day.

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